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T H E

S T A G C H A C E

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W I N D S O R F O R E S T.

A

P O E M.

By *RICHARD POWNEY*, Esq;



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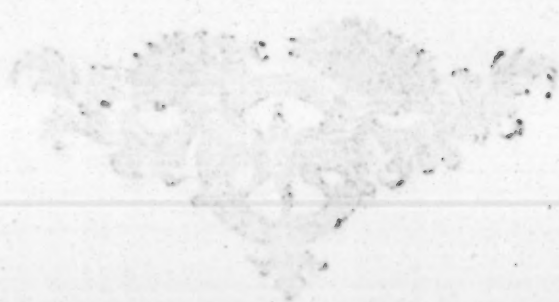
THE  
STAG CHASE

IN  
WINDSORE FOREST



OF  
M

BY RICHARD POWELL ESQ.



L O W D O N

Printed by T. C. ...

THE ...





T H E  
S T A G C H A C E.

**L** E T others paint the Terrors of the Plain,  
The Lion raging and the Tyger slain,  
Where to her Sons parch'd *Africk* only yields  
The fruitless Honours of ensanguin'd Fields:  
Or where the distant *Ganges* swells her Tide  
With spicy Luxury and golden Pride.  
Let others sing the sportive *Indians'* Toils,  
Where wily Pits enclose their Iv'ry Spoils:  
Tell, how the *Tartar* climbs the Mountain's Brow,  
And tracks the shaggy Bear o'er Hills of Snow.

B

While

While beamy Stags the verdant Forest grace,  
*Britannia's* Youth shall glory in the Chace;  
 With deep-mouth'd Hounds pursue the Royal Game,  
 And *Frederick's* Joys resounding Hills proclaim;  
 Fair *Windsor's* Lawns her antler'd Race shall feed,  
 And all her Forest for his Pleasure bleed.

High in th' ætherial Vault *Orion* glows,  
 And o'er the Heav'ns a radiant Lustre throws;  
 Refulgent shines amidst the starry Train,  
 By Men rever'd a Huntsman on the Plain:  
 See *Frederick* thus thro' Tracks of Glory steer,  
 And with diurnal Bounties mark the Year;  
 To gild for ever Fame's immortal Roll  
 See Rays of Goodness streaming from his Soul.

Ye *British Peers*, whose Sires, for Arms renown'd  
 The Tomb enshrines with *Celtick* Trophies crown'd,  
 Learn with this *Prince*, in Days of Peace, to share  
 These mimic Toils and Stratagems of War.

Round



Round *Frederick's* Brows their Crowns let Dryads  
 wreath,  
 Hence taught to grasp at Dangers, Wounds, and  
 Death.

The *Pontic* Monarch thus, who *Rome* pursu'd  
 With all the Rage of *Hannibal* renew'd,  
 First learn'd in Woods to aim the destin'd blow,  
 And now the Lion pierc'd, and now the Foe.

Not less, the great *Cambyfes'* greater Son,  
 Whose rapid Conquest half the Globe o'errun,  
 Early inur'd to Sylvan Labours, shone  
 The brightest Monarch on the *Persian* Throne.

O! Guide me, *Somervile*, the Glades among,  
 Where Stags unharbour'd chear the rural Throng;  
 Where the fleet Pack thro winding Mazes trail,  
 Stretch o'er the Hill, or brush the dewy Vale.

Hear from each Spray the Warblers of the Woods,  
 Hear from each Rill the Murmurs of the Floods;  
 Thro' Fields, Waves, Skies, the breathing Brass  
     resounds,  
 And Concerts swell with Harmony of Hounds.

The Pride of *Cambria* to the Chace resorts,  
 Ensures our Freedom, as he shares our Sports;  
 With Love repays the Homage of each Swain,  
 And in each Heart anticipates his Reign.  
 Not such the Scene, where *Asia's* Tyrants Rage,  
 Where mix with Infant Cries the Groans of Age;  
 No Guardian of Mankind, no *Brunswick* near;  
 For their own Lords no Fruit their Harvests bear.

Round spacious Woodlands, see, the Hunters  
     move,  
 And brisk Battalions shake the quiv'ring Grove.  
 Now here, now there, in giddy Maze they ride,  
 And Streams run purple from the Courser's Side.

Spare



Spare him, rash Youth, the Sun has far to go;  
 Steep are the Hills, and wide the Plains below:  
 Not Strength the Combat gains, nor Speed the Race,  
 Let Prudence rein the Courser in the Chace.  
 Forewarn'd in vain! tho' long e'er Evening-Dew,  
 Repentant Sighs shall own this Precept true.

Loud Cries of Dogs the frightened Stag invade,  
 And drive him sculking thro' the darksome Shade:  
 In vain the Trees their thickest Foliage spread  
 To screen from Ruin his devoted Head,  
 His secret Steps while tainted Dews betray:  
 See there, he rushes forth to open Day;  
 The travers'd Grove resigns him to his Fear,  
 And all the Tempest pours upon his Rear.  
 The ravish'd Sportsmen, kindling at the View,  
 The bounding Deer with rapid Speed pursue;  
 O'er *Surry* Hills in moving Landskip rise  
 The Steeds, the Hounds, the Huntsmen and the  
 Prize.

So when fam'd *Albion's* Heroes shine in Arms,  
 The *Gallick's* Troops their matchless Force alarms;  
 While from their Lines they push the trembling Foe;  
 The charging Hosts with double Ardour glow,  
 The dastard *Gaul* before the Victor flies,  
 And wing'd with Horror on his Speed relies.

Hark! how *Camrarius* in loud Wrath complains:  
 Not arm *Herculean* his fierce Steed restrains;  
 He rails indignant at the Rebel's Force,  
 Snatch'd from his Hope, the Pleasure of the Course.  
 While languid *Bellmour*, mindless of the Rein,  
 Is laid inglorious on the dusty Plain;  
 In Gold and Azure prides himself no more,  
 His Glory sunk in Dust, and Sweat, and Gore.  
 But *Emma's* Fears his Shame and Grief controul,  
 And ev'ry Tear recalls his fleeting Soul;  
 That Imag'ry of Woe, the melting Eye,  
 The heaving Bosom and the rising Sigh,

Silence,



Silence, that speaks the Passions as they move,  
 Proclaim the Triumphs of successful Love.  
 Thus from his Car the Son of *Theseus* fell,  
 Thus *Dian* rear'd him from the Gates of Hell.

But who is He, enrich'd with ev'ry Grace,  
 He, who the youthful Train outstrips in Chace,  
 With temper'd Zeal to Eve from Morning-Dawn  
 Skims o'er the purple Heath and Scours the Lawn?  
 Whether to Studies or to Sports resign'd,  
 Urg'd by the vivid Impulse of the Mind,  
*Talbot* in Arts no more Precedence yields,  
 Than in th' unrival'd Glories of the Fields.

O! Thou, whose Justice calm'd the Widow's Fears,  
 Made Misery smile, and dry'd the Orphan's Tears,  
 Thou, whom *Minerva* bless'd with all her Store,  
 Till Eloquence and Virtue were no more;  
 Tho' Thee, now wrap'd in Night's eternal Veil,  
 Sad *Themis* mourns, and trembling Drops her Scale;

And

And thy lov'd *Craven* with that *Paffion* burns,  
 Which ever with his Country's *Woe* returns;  
 Yet in thy Race shall Heav'n thy Cares reward;  
 Thy Sons adorn the State, thy Counfels guard.  
 Trees to their Buds increafing Honours owe,  
 Spread with the Branch, and with the Bloffom glow.

See *Sylvia* riles from her bow'ry Grove,  
 Not lefs the Boaft of Virtue than of Love.  
 Her Wafte the Ringlets of her Hair entwine,  
 Artlefs as *Tendrels* curling round the Vine.  
 Her Eyes impartial give an equal Grace  
 To ev'ry lovely Feature of her Face.  
 The Palfrey mild her filken Rein obeys,  
 Rates fmoothly on, and with the Snaffle plays.  
 Thus on the fhining Wave when *Venus* rides,  
 And with a gentle Gale its Motion guides,  
 Wide o'er the Deep celestial Beauties blaze,  
*Neptune* in Silence loves, and *Tritons* gaze.



Ye *British Fair*, who all my Soul inspire,  
 Whose Charms transport me, and whose Beauties  
 fire,

By Nature and the Graces form'd to please  
 With sprightly Manners and attractive Ease,  
 Attend my Song. O! leave the *Park-Parade*,  
 The Noon-day *Tea*, the Midnight *Masquerade*;  
 Nor Town, nor Toilet to the Chace prefer:  
 Here Health unbought smiles with the Morning-  
 Star,

Brisk rolls the Tide of Life, and mantling high,  
 Blooms in the Cheek, and sparkles in the Eye.

To russet *Swinley* from the Mountain's Height  
 The hapless Stag precipitates his Flight.  
 A Gleam of hope deludes his anxious Breast,  
 That native Land shall succour the Distress'd:  
 If native Lands refuse to sooth our Grief,  
 Ah! where can Misery expect Relief?

D

Nor

Nor Space, nor Speed evades the fleet-heel'd Train;  
 An hundred Meads are interpos'd in vain,  
 Hills rise in vain to check their rapid Force,  
 And Torrents roar to intercept their Course.  
 Invaded Realms no longer own his Sway,  
 Friends cease to love and Subjects to obey.  
 So when wreck'd Sailors deem their Danger o'er,  
 Rebounding Billows drive them from the Shore.  
 Abandon'd thus, the faithless Herd he flies,  
 And wounds an alien Land with plaintive Cries,  
 Where *Arran* shuns the servile Pomp of State,  
 And silent mourns an exil'd Brother's Fate:  
 Here may his Life be lengthen'd to our Prayers,  
 And number Ages, as it numbers Years;  
 While Plains rejoice, and grateful Peasants know  
 To count their Blessings as his Minutes flow.

What Charms are equal to the sylvan Scene,  
 O *Digby*, in thy much-lov'd Shades serene?

In



In Fields remote thy Worth demands my Lays,  
 Of ev'ry Clime, of ev'ry Tongue the Praise.  
 No Guilt infests thy *Sherborn's* peaceful Gloom,  
 No inward Tempests hurls thee to thy Tomb.  
 What heav'nly Transports thy whole Life engage,  
 By Years unshaken on the Verge of Age!  
 Whilst to thy Hopes thy Children's Children rise,  
 Great by Example, and by Precept wise.

The Stag, when now the furious Clamours cease,  
 Blesses the visionary Realm of Peace;  
 On distant Plains his weary Limbs reclines,  
 And in the Arms of Rest his Cares resigns.  
 O! To the Future blind, this fatal Hour  
 Thy reeking Heart shall hungry Dogs devour;  
 Their winding Course unerring Huntsmen lead,  
 Whilst Hands and Voice revive their sinking Speed.  
 So when we think the smother'd Flames expire,  
 And vanquish'd from the threaten'd Roof retire,  
Destructive

Destructive Blasts with treach'rous Fire surprize,  
 And strait the Dome in smoaky Ruin lies.

Now to a Point the straggling Huntsmen steer,  
 And scatter'd Parties swell th' inglorious Rear.  
 In wild Despair the Prey with fault'ring strides  
 Heaves o'er the Meads, where flow *Lodona* glides;  
 Here envies more the Natives of the Flood,  
 Than all the stately Rangers of the Wood;  
 The finny Race thro' liquid Regions stray,  
 And undisturb'd in sportive Freedom play;  
 While pendant o'er the Stream, he views, forlorn,  
 His Image on the floating Mirrour born;  
 His falling Crest, his clotted Limbs declare,  
 That Beauty cannot save, nor Vengeance spare;  
 In conscious Grief the restless Billows rise,  
 Swoln with his Tears and trembling to his Sighs:  
 To Shades remote *Lodona* glides away,  
 And in repeated Murmurs chides his Stay.

For



For now the fierce Relays his Life invade,  
 Renew the Chace, and echo thro' the Glade.  
 The loaded Gales to Blood and Glory call,  
 Hound rivals Hound to triumph in his Fall.

Urg'd on at length by the relentless Foe,  
 He seeks a Refuge in the Flood below:  
 The Swains from distant Cotts the Lake furround,  
 With Tumult, Transports, Death the Shores resound.  
 Brave *Cocles* thus, unable to engage  
 The Force of Legions, and *Porfenna's* Rage,  
 Plung'd in the Stream the madding Host defy'd,  
 And all the War rebellow'd to the Tide.

Like low'ring Clouds that wait the Winds  
 Command,  
 Frown on the Waves and sadden all the Strand,  
 The scowling Pack a-while the Gulph survey,  
 Then rushing Headlong bear upon the Prey;  
 Still as he sinks into the watry Bed,  
 Their baffled Rage redoubles on his Head.

See, how he plies his oary Feet with Pain,  
 Scarce can his Head its cumb'rous Pride sustain:  
 Anxious he doubts a wretched Life to save,  
 Or close this last of Toils beneath the Wave;  
 Death in his Rear, and Horror all before,  
 He fronts the dreadful Thunder of the Shore.  
 Hemm'd in, like *Ajax* with the *Trojan* Bands,  
 Single the Mark of num'rous Force he stands;  
 With all the Madness of Revenge he burns,  
 And Wounds for Wounds in conflict dire Returns.  
*Vulcan* and *Hector*, valiant Chiefs, assail  
 His clashing Beams, and his proud ars'nal Scale;  
 Then the last Refuge of Distress he tries,  
 Too Credulous, to human Mercy flies,  
 Bewails the Wrongs and Insults of the Plain;  
 Tears, Innocence and Justice plead in vain:  
 He sinks; from ruthless Hands condemn'd to feel,  
 Deep in his gushing Throat, the fatal Steel.  
 Now see his breathless Corse shall Vengeance take  
 On faithless Friends that could a Friend forsake;

His



His Blood shall infant Hounds to fury train  
 Lay waste the Herds, and spread with Death the Plain.  
 Learn from his Fate, how dang'rous to excell;  
 The fairest of the Herd a Victim fell.

O! *Windsor*, who can trace thy Wonders round?  
 The Skies alone thy spacious Forest bound:  
 As *Denham* paints, we see thy Landskip glow,  
 And peaceful *Thames* thro' sylvan Graces flow:  
 But when immortal *Pope* thy Grandeur sings,  
 At once the Pleasure and the Pride of Kings,  
 With lasting Bliss on ev'ry Scene we dwell,  
 Which only his Description can excell.  
 Least baleful Envy blast thy Poet's Fame,  
 Shade with thy friendly Bays his injur'd Name:  
 When Death shall o'er his mortal Part prevail,  
 And with him Reason, Wit, and Honour fail,  
 Still grateful to his Shade, reward his Verse,  
 And spread thy aged Cypress o'er his Herse.

Long

Long may thy Plains, in endless Beauties lost,  
 Unrival'd charm, the Huntsman's Joy and Boast.  
 Ye sacred Oaks, that hoary Temples crown'd,  
 When the Steer bled, and Altars blaz'd around;  
 When Priests with measur'd Dance, with mystick  
 Lay,

And rising Incence hail'd the God of Day;  
 Still shall our Isle those awful Stores revere,  
 In Peace her Glory, her Defence in War.  
 When Time shall Fame to *British* Annals bring,  
 When all the Prince shall brighten in the King;  
 He shall o'er subject Seas extend his Reign,  
 And claim in Storms the Empire of the Main;  
 His Fleets command, where o'er the Ocean roars,  
 And Nations tremble from a thousand Shores.  
 So, when the rocking Battlements above  
 Denounce in Thunder the high Will of *Jove*,  
 And pointed Lightenings sudden Vengeance pour,  
 The Sons of Earth fall prostrate and adore.

Let



Let others, whom false Happiness beguiles,  
 Their Honour sacrifice to Statesmen's Smiles,  
 Where Friendship from the Heart no Current knows,  
 But, like the *Volga*, freezes as it flows:  
 While Nature can my Lamp of Life supply,  
 Here let me guiltless live, contented die;  
 And dying still to thee my Relicts trust,  
 Proud that my Ashes mingle with thy Dust:  
 Let Zephyrs pure my straiten'd Lungs display,  
 And gently waft me to the Realms of Day;  
 Yet oh! Let Honour guide me to that Shore,  
 And Virtue furnish one *Elysium* more.

F I N I S.

Let others, whom false Happiness beguiles,

Their Honour sacrifice to Statecraft's Smiles,

Where Friendship from the Heart no Current knows,

But like the Vex'd, flexes as it flows:

While Nature can my Lamp of Life supply,

Here let me guiltless live, contented die;

And dying still to thee my Relics give;

Proud that my Ashes mix'd with thy Dust:



Let Zephyrs pure my kindred Lungs display,

And gently waft me to the Realm of Day;

Yet oh! Let Honour guide me to that Shore,

And Virtue furnish me with new store.



